

THE CLARION.

LISTENING FOR MOTHER.

After a few moments the stranger made us good evening and went toward the city. I reproached my father for having used such language against our sovereign; but all was useless with him; he was that kind of a man.

The next day—oh, what a memorable day!—early in the morning an officer called on my father and required that he should go with me to the imperial palace. In vain my father made excuses to the officer that he was not a man to enter into such a mansion, nor to go before the Emperor. The officer was merciless; we had to go, and my poor mother was in despair. I wept like a child, and my father trembled from head to foot. He remembered too well the thoughtless conversation with the stranger the day before. We entered the palace and were taken by other officers to a large room, in which we were told to remain until we should be called to a private audience. My father was thoughtful, and feared to pay dear for his abuses against his Majesty. After a long and painful agony of half an hour we were taken into a small saloon. Many generals, dressed in rich uniforms, were sitting round a table, and several fashionable ladies seemed engaged in a private and interesting conversation with one of the chiefs.

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A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

MAIDEN'S DOWRY.

In the year 1812 that I visited Elba, where Napoleon had been in exile. The Emperor is still living among those brave and intrepid soldiers. They remember the benefits conferred by him on the island, and are proud to have one of the one who had covered the whole of Europe.

That island, are still living and attached to his staff and palace. It proved very good to me to hear from them facts which have never been in history and which do not exist in English oligarchy and its strong and character. During the two years residence at Elba, I made friends, an old lady called Maria, a great favorite of his, and a certain Signor Ricci, an officer of the empire, who had been a man-of-war when that island for his extraordinary descent at Capri.

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Listening to the Complaining Voices of the Dead.

"Oh," sighed Mr. Hunt, as he straightened up his tired back, I half wish I hadn't begun this work. This cedar hedge may not live after all my trouble and pains. I have selected every tree, trimmed the entire hedge myself, and sowed all the grass-seed, blistered my hands, neglected my business, and worked like a nigger, for what? If the hedge around this old graveyard fails to live I shall surely be blamed; if it proves to be a success I shall not be thanked, and—

"Oh!" said a woman softly near by, "may be if the living don't, the dead may thank you for remembering them. Who knows?"

A little group was standing in our old cemetery a few evenings ago when this conversation occurred. The sun had gone and twilight was fast creeping over the lonely long-neglected graves. A strange hush, a profound silence pervaded the place, when suddenly a distinct sound made itself audible, and all eyes turned in its direction. A singular thing had happened. The person in question was standing near an old blackened stone, idly holding his pencil, when, to every body's astonishment it began suddenly and furiously to scribble on the marble slab.

Certain we are the words that follow were the words that it wrote, but whence they proceeded and for whom intended far be it from me to attempt to decide. Suffice it so to say that this was the writing.

We are the dead of the old Eaton cemetery. We are your fathers, your mothers, your sisters, your brothers, your grandfathers, your nearest and dearest kindred, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh; beneath your feet we lie! Unhonored, unknown, neglected and forgotten! Our last resting place desecrated, our memories unhallowed, and our very names obliterated! We are the ancestors of Eaton, the founders of its wealth, the creators of its civilization, the pioneers who broke and made smooth the paths in which our descendants walk to-day! How we labored, how we suffered, how we toiled for you, citizens of Eaton, our children who have failed to pay in turn affection's last poor tribute—loving care of us, your dead! Lord of the soil once we were, proud owners of all the broad acres you now possess; but you have begrudged us man's last pitiful inheritance—six feet of earth; for have you not for years allowed our graves to be a herding place for cattle and a play ground for children? Is not every Christian entitled to burial in consecrated soil? And are we living in a consecrated soil or desecrated ground? Answer and blush.

"Oh! how helpless are the dead! How soon forgotten! Some of us who lie beneath your feet were once as tenderly loved, as gently nurtured, as fair of face, as lovely of form as you are to-day. The very winds of heaven were not allowed to blow too roughly upon these dainty beauteous ones but over their neglected graves filthy swine have rooted and the cattle have trampled for years. Shame, shame upon our descendants, citizens of Eaton. Under the shadows of the old church our own hands reared we lie. No flowers bloom above us, no tender, loving hands work over us, no reverent care guards the record of our lives and deaths. Desecrated! Abandoned! Forgotten! How pitiful are the dead in the old Eaton cemetery.

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The death of Gen. Grant's mother calls to mind a letter which he wrote to her forty-four years ago, when he was a West Point cadet, expressing a hope that has been wonderfully fulfilled. "Your kind words of admonition," he wrote, "are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me."

ANY druggist will tell you what he knows about the merit of Shiner's Indian Vermifuge the popular remedy.

LOTTERIES.

—IN THE—
ORDINARY DRAWING
—OF THE—
Royal Havana Lottery

Which takes place at Havana, Cuba, JUNE 23, 1883.
There are only 20,000 Tickets issued and 975 Prizes drawn.

THE ORIGINAL
"LITTLE HAVANA"
(GOULD & CO.'S)
Is Decided by Royal Havana Lottery, Number for Number. Prize for Prize, with 230 Additional Prizes.

Only 23,000 Tickets and 1,204 Prizes.

Schedule:
1 Capital Prize, \$9,000
1 Capital Prize, 2,500
1 Capital Prize, 1,000
1 Capital Prize, 500
2 Prizes, \$250 each, 500
2 Prizes, 100 each, 1,000
2 Approximations, \$100 each, to the number preceding and following the one drawing the \$250, 200
2 Approximations of \$25.00 each (as above), 150
237 Additional prizes of \$5 each to the 230 tickets having ascending numbers the two terminal parts of the number drawing the Capital Prize, 1,150

1,204 Prizes, American Gold, \$25,420
THE ROYAL HAVANA OFFICIAL LIST DECIDES EVERY PRIZE.
Subject to no manipulation, not controlled by the parties in interest, honestly managed, it is the fairest, squarest and best thing in the nature of a lottery that could be conceived.
See that the name Gould & Co. is on the ticket. None other are genuine.

ALL PRIZES PAID ON PRESENTATION.
For information and tickets, apply to SHIRTS COMPANY, GENERAL AGENTS, 1212 Broadway, New York City, or 68 E. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., or HENRY MAYER, P. O. Box 24, Delta, La. JNO. B. FERNANDEZ, Savannah, Ga.

July 26, 1883.

\$30,000 FOR \$2

56th
POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING OF THE
COMMONWEALTH
DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on
Saturday, June 30th, 1883.
These drawings occur on the last day of each month (Sunday excepted). Repeated advertisements by the State and State Courts have placed this Company beyond the controversy of the law. To this Company belongs the sole honor of having inaugurated the only plan by which their drawings are proven honest and fair beyond question.

N. R. The Company has now on hand a large capital and reserve fund. Read carefully the list of prizes for the

May Drawing:
1 Prize, \$50,000 100 of \$100 each \$10,000
1 Prize, 10,000 200 of 50 each 10,000
1 Prize, 5,000 600 of 25 each 12,000
10 of \$1,000 each, 10,000 1,000 of 10 each 10